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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY JULY 20, 1887.

NO. 20.

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CHAPTER 12.

AS Act for taking the sense of the good people of this Commonwealth as to the necessity and expediency of calling a Convention to amend the Constitution, and to provide for ascertaining the number of citizens entitled to vote for Representative within the State.

WHEREAS Experience has pointed out the necessity of amending the Constitution and the expediency of calling a convention for that purpose; therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of this Commonwealth of Kentucky:

1. That at the next general election for Representatives to the General Assembly, it shall be the duty of the several sheriffs and other officers of election to open a poll for and make a return to the Secretary of State, for the time being, of the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted at the said election for calling a convention for the purpose of re-adopting, amending or changing the Constitution.

2. That any sheriff or other returning officer failing to do his duty imposed by first section of this act shall be subject to a fine of six hundred dollars (\$600), to be recovered by indictment of a grand jury in any court having jurisdiction thereof, and shall, upon conviction of such failure, be removed from office by the court in which such conviction is had.

3. That for the purpose of ascertaining the number of citizens entitled to vote for Representatives within this State in August, 1887, there shall be furnished, as hereinafter provided, to the sheriffs and other officers of election in August, 1887, a registration book, in which the officers of the election shall record the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives within this State at the said election. The officers of the election shall also deliver to the Secretary of State, at such numbers as to provide at least two copies thereof for each voting precinct; said copies shall be delivered to the Secretary of State, and it shall be the duty of each sheriff or other officer of election to post a copy of this act, printed in hand-bill form, for at each voting place, and another copy at some other suitable public place in said precinct, four days before the election. Any officer failing to discharge the duties prescribed in this section of this act shall be fined for each and every failure twenty dollars, to be recovered in any court having jurisdiction thereof.

4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved July 15, 1886.

LETTER FROM W. S. CRAIG.

Visiting People Among Whom He Visits.
HAZEL GREEN, KY., June 25, 1887.
Editors Courier:—Believing that you have many readers who would like to hear a few words from the old "Dark and Bloody Ground," I take the trouble to send you a few notes.

I will confine myself mostly to Wolfe county, but make a few disconnected remarks. Crope and I have been here. I don't think the corn has grown any while I have been here. It has been very dry and the corn has twisted up as though it was going backward here. The natives plow the steep mountain sides; so steep that it is very hard to climb them.

The valleys are small and poor as Job's turkey. They don't seem to produce anything but crawfishes and they grow to perfection.

The soil on the mountain sides is of nearly a red color and very poor also. The ravines running down cuts the land into small fields. If I felt stout I believe I could almost jump across the largest corn field in the county.

The corn is sown with one horse and a single shawl. The plows may possibly be of the same pattern that Adam used. About three or four hundred years ago, I suppose. The ground don't seem to have been pulverized any before planting.

I have seen but two barrows; they were very narrow and had teeth like railroad rails.

The live stock is what I call very poor. I have not seen any blooded stock of any kind. In some parts of Kentucky there are very fine stock of all kinds, but not in this section where I am. Some of the stock here have some prominent points, very prominent—I have hung my hat on some of them.

I was out a few days ago to see a harvesting machine cut wheat. It run on two legs. It would cut to the top of a hill and run down without stopping. It seemed to me as though there was not a little work about it. There is some difference between this machine and a self-binder. I have not seen any "Illinois" since I left there.

My remarks may not sound as sweet as music or quite so pleasant to the ears of the natives. Kentucky has heard of any of them see they should not blame me for my observation, but should bear in mind that I am trying to praise Kentucky in some localities. I am, notwithstanding the seeming color of my remarks to the contrary.

The state suffered greatly during the war which accounts for a great part of its backwardness in some localities. Fighting on the border it suffered all the horrors of a guerrilla warfare. It has not yet recovered in some parts.

I don't suppose that the Swango Spring is the fabled "Fountain of Youth" that Ponce de Leon hunted in vain for when he came to America; but I do think it is a valuable iron tonic. It has a very high reputation here.

A great many claim to have been greatly benefited by its use. I know it has helped me. If the spring was easy

of access, I think it would be a great resort.

There is strong talk of a railroad through here, and should one be made no doubt many would come who now are kept away by bad roads.

As I do not want to occupy too much space in the Courier, I will close, feeling thankful if you will allow me room in your columns.—W. S. Craig, in Charleston (Ill.) Courier.

THE ABOVE ANALYZED.

First. He tries to lead strangers into a false impression by stating that "the natives plow the steep hillsides," when he stops, and says nothing of the cultivation of the beautiful undulating and bottom lands. This shows his motives to be misleading and malicious.

Second. He states that "the bottom lands are as poor as Job's turkey, and don't produce anything but crawfish, which grow to perfection." In this statement he wantonly wastes the truth, if ever possessed such a virtue to play profligate with, because these same bottoms produce with any of the best lands of the West.

Third. "I felt stout I could jump across the largest cornfield I have seen in Kentucky." Here he allows his little narrow mind to contract his eyesight. The facts are that many corn fields cover from twenty to fifty acres.

Fourth. "The plows used may be of the same pattern Adam used." As far as history informs us, Adam never had any occasion to work in the Garden of Eden, and for aught anyone knows to the contrary, was a gentleman of leisure after he was forced to retire for his ingratitude. He would not say he never vilified the people among whom he visited, at any rate. The plows mostly used here are the most modern made.

Fifth. "The stock is what I call very poor." Here he describes an honest farmer cradling grain, evidently trying to "make believe" there are no machines here. We have reapers, mowers and threshers—the latest and most approved patterns.

Sixth. "I have not seen any 'Illinois' since I came here." Not finding every other person a victim to either "milked" or "chills,"—we don't know them—he thought he had wandered into heaven, and knowing he was out of place, he was "sheepish" and home sick.

Eighth. "My country may not sound as sweet, &c., to the natives of Kentucky." Now, "don't let that worry you," you sweet-scented snob. The people will treat you as they habitually do the fellow the other jackass kicked, and "consider the source."

While we wonder that Craig was not stricken down, like Annals of, for his reckless regard of truth in the above passages of his printed production, we are also amazed that Satan did not strike him down for telling the truth in the last two counts, we wonder that the swango Spring "is a valuable iron tonic," and if a railroad were running to this place "many would come to be benefited by it." Having told the truth in the last two counts, we wonder that his patron saint, the Devil—"father of all liars"—did not "sit down on him" and squelch him for malice in his maliciousness.

Wiping our hands of this "warmint" let us add that the paper containing the above letter was mailed us with request (by Craig, maybe) that we reply. We have hurriedly done so, but if the reply is not satisfactory we will furnish up our Faber and come again. In the meantime, this advice to the good people of Illinois, and we know they are many: We have welcome for all, but if you can not send a better sample than that of the Craig-stamp, why just keep your Sucker-State scabs.

Th. Ta.

Common Schools.

Our Republican friends are very fond of quoting our school system as evidence of a lack of conservatism on the part of the Democratic party. In this they show either a woful lack of knowledge or are guilty of willful misrepresentation of facts. Under Democratic management the school has been raised from five cents in 1855 to twenty-two cents at the present. In addition to this more than three and a half cents of the five cents devoted to the schooling fund are devoted to the payment of the interest on the school bonds due the counties; this makes twenty-six cents devoted to school purposes out of the forty-one and a half cents levied for State purposes. No other State in the Union even approximates this. New Jersey, which taxes her people for no other purpose, levies a school tax of twenty cents, and Wisconsin, the next highest, only eighteen cents. They point with complacency to the schools of other States, ignoring the fact that they are almost entirely sustained by local taxation and that the same provision exists in our law, by which any district may tax itself for the benefit of its own local

school. In some parts of the State this privilege has been exercised but it has almost always been in Democratic instead of Republican communities. According to the latest returns to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the public fund had been supplemented by county taxation to the amount of \$400,000, of which \$70,000 had been voted by Republican counties and the remainder by Democratic counties. The truth of the matter is our school has only at right, the people of any district have it in their power to raise more revenue if they wish to, and when the people of any community desire a good school and exert themselves to that end, the object will be attained, and until they do exert themselves any law can do but little in the premises.—Winchester Democrat.

[From Bradley's speech at Pineville.]

But let us see whether or not the present school system is a disgrace. We had in Kentucky according to the census of 1870, 332,175 persons over ten years of age who could not write, and 249,564 who could not read. In 1880, notwithstanding the liberal system of which my competitor is so proud, the number of those who could not read was 258,166—an increase of 9,612, and the number of those who could not write was 348,892, an increase of 16,216. We have today in Kentucky more than 98,000 illiterate voters. Yet in view of this alarming growth of ignorance, Gen. Buckner finds time to laud the miserable common school system of the State. The State of Kentucky from all sources, local and State, is \$2.69 per capita, while in Ohio it is \$9.48; in Vermont \$7.50; in Iowa \$8.19; in Rhode Island \$9; New Hampshire \$7.29; Illinois \$8; Massachusetts \$14.68, and Colorado \$17.

Instead of standing agnost at this fearful illiteracy, the gentleman, although instating the facts, says that Kentucky has done its full duty and can not be burdened with additional expense, attempts to be witty concerning the Federal aid, which in the stock is the suffering poor. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and Buckner with smiling face, attempts to draw a ludicrous picture while the flames of ignorance are consuming the people.

If it is constitutional and necessary to erect lighthouses so that amidst the fearful roar of the storm the mariner may be enabled to shake the rocks and bring his ship into harbor; how much more necessary is it, when surrounded by the great ocean of ignorance whose waves rolling mountain high while over their crests is flashing the angry lightning of prejudice, that we should erect light-houses of education and intelligence to enable the pilot of our grand old ship of State to escape the rocks and steer into the harbor of safety and constitutional liberty.

Alexander Campbell's Creed.

There seems to be an impression in this community that the doctrine of the church with which I am connected have been greatly modified since the days of Mr. Campbell, and that the modification has been in the direction of orthodoxy. I have been a member of the Christian church for thirty-three years and an ordained minister more than twenty-five years, and I have never been converted as little change in the teaching and practice of the Christian church as of any other church in this country during the same period.

Published by Alexander Campbell as his personal creed when he was fifty-eight years of age, at the very zenith of his fame and power. Read it.

"I believe in the Scripture given by inspiration of God as profitable for teaching, for conviction, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, and thoroughly accomplished for every good work."

"I believe in one God, as manifested in the person of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, who are, therefore, one in nature, power and volition."

"I believe that every human being participates in all the consequences of the fall of Adam, and is born into the world of frail and depraved in all his moral powers and capacities, so that without faith in Christ he is incapable for him, while in that state, to please God."

"I believe that the Word, which from the beginning was with God, and which was God, became flesh and dwelt among us as Emmanuel, and was in the flesh, and did make an expiation of sin 'by the sacrifice of himself; which no being could have done that was not possessed of a super human, super angelic and divine nature."

"I believe in the justification of a sinner by faith without the deeds of law; and of a Christian, not by faith alone, but by the obedience of his law."

"I believe in the operation of the Holy Spirit through the Word, but not without it in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner."

"I believe in the 'right and duty of exercising our own judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.'"

"I believe in the authority and popularity of the institution of baptism and the Lord's Supper."—O. A. Bartholomew in Danville Advocate.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

MY BABY'S SATIN SHOES.

There's rain without rain within.
Without—rain from hosts of black-browed clouds,
And all the river's valley shores.
Within—are tear-drops flowing fast
From their mysterious fountain head,
As I sit thinking of the past,
Of naming graces of my dad.

A heartache first, as hot and keen
As that a drought must bring to earth.
While "this and that" of treasures stored
I lift, and mine are vanished worth.
And wish for luxury of tears.
To come, and cool and ease the pain.
That part the clouds and bring the rain.

And looking at the dainty things
I wonder if her pretty feet
Have grown too large for these "golden shoes"
Since they have waited "the golden street"
Or keep their still their wondrous charms
Of cool but not too sure.
That, as I held them in my palm,
Woe glances of wonder in her eyes?

Three once more in that fair time
When she, in crowing, wishing glow,
Looked down upon her untired feet.
These satin shoes, she loved to see.
And then I prayed, with wisdom's shower
She meet the "better pathway" choose.
For all her steps I little satin shoes.

The shen and ease of satin shoes.
And then—there came dark days in June,
Of months, till then, the fairest one.
And she—her sister's angel, joined.
And ceased the stepping stones begun.
No shadows came to her sweet face.
No heart, nor hand, foot, or face
When I gave back the treasure loaned
And left—her little satin shoes.

—A Flower, in Current.

HELEN LAKEMAN;

—OR—

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSKIE.

AUTHOR OF "THE BARKER OF BEDFORD," "WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"But, Judge," said the sheriff, respectfully, for he seemed aware of the fact that his re-election depended, in a great measure, upon the efforts of the man before him, "what am I to do with the child? I can't put it in prison."

"Send it to the poor-house," said the sheriff, with a frown.

"I could," said the puzzled sheriff, "the court will have to declare it a pauper first."

"Well, I can not," said the puzzled sheriff, "the court will have to declare it a pauper first."

"Yes, you can probably manage it that way. The child is sick."

"Yes, but not dangerous."

"Of kind 'o' hate to part them."

"O' p'ly they'll forget each other in less than three days. They are more brute than human, with no feeling save that of hunger, cold or heat, just as any other animal."

"Was James Arnold speaking his real opinion? Certainly not, though there are many others of his who advance the same argument. Oh, if it should



"Why don't you take her away?" only be carried home, that he might feel the bitter pangs of tearing heartstrings asunder, would he not turn missionary for the cause of the poor, depressed, and oft times wronged criminals?

"Take her away, Belcher, take her away at once," said Judge Arnold, his chin so high that mercy was overlooked.

"Well, but Judge, this is a matter I'd not like to be hasty in; I am hardly bringing myself to treat that girl from her brother. Good Heavens! if she should be innocent after all."

"Do you think I am a fool and a persecutor?" cried Arnold, angrily.

"No, no," answered the sheriff, apologetically, "I did not know but that there might be a mistake."

"Well, sir, I think there is no mistake about it, unless you make one in not doing your duty."

"I think I will do my duty as an official, Judge, if I know it," said Belcher, hotly.

"It is very clear; I don't see how you can help seeing it."

The utter heartlessness of Arnold vexed the sheriff, but he was forced to perform his duty as an officer, painful as it might be.

He went up to the girl, knowing what was coming, had been schooling herself to recover her self-possession, and said:

"Come, Miss Helen, get ready; I must take you to Newton."

"Can my little brother go?" she asked, pleadingly. "He is so small, so infirm, and so fond of me that he can hardly live without my care."

"Oh, he will be treated with the most tender care, I assure you," said the sheriff, "I can not take him to-day, but I hope you may soon return."

"Will you answer me a question or two?" asked Helen, now almost calm again.

"Yes."

"What will be done with me?"

"I will take you to Newton."

"What then?"

"What will be taken before the magistrate, Squire Bluff's."

"Well, what then? I know little of law and its processes."

"Well, you will be arraigned and your case set for trial. If you can give bond you can return here or go wherever you please; but if you fail—then the sheriff follows, he found it almost impossible to inform that poor, proud-spirited girl of the result of a failure."

But she was determined to know the worst.

"What if I fail?" she asked.

"Committed," was the answer.

"Do you mean sent to jail?"

The sheriff nodded.

The prospect of entering a jail for one moment is horrible. To forever blot the fair name of which she was so proud, that name which neither her parents or any of her ancestors had allowed a blot upon, and now to blacken it as a criminal. We can scarcely understand the feelings of Helen at that moment. She imagined herself in after years, even if she was proved innocent, a blackened, blighted creature, shunned by all and pointed to as a thief.

Notwithstanding all this, Helen was gloriously conscious of her own innocence. She had done no wrong, and the certainty of had consequences to her little brother, should their parting be violent, made her assume a cheerfulness she was far from feeling. She donned her hat and put a light shawl about her shoulders, then, kissing her little crippled brother, said:

"Little Amos comes back. I am good by Newton and hope to come back soon. Do not be afraid, little darling. God will watch over and care for you while I am gone."

The little fellow was silent, but large tears rolled down his pale cheeks. Helen had reached the kitchen door, when a sudden impulse seized her; she ran back to the child and clasped him in her arms for the last time. But he did not weep, those great silent eyes of the child told her he was affected, and she dared not let him know her own feelings.

"That's all for effect," said Arnold, haughtily, as she passed out at the door with the sheriff at his side.

The former son of his hired man, John, with the rowlock to take them to the village of Newton. Helen bore up until they were on the road, and then, wringing her hands, she cried:

"Oh, farewell, farewell, my poor unfortunate little brother, I know I will never see you again."

CHAPTER XIII.

LITTLE AMOS AND HIS BROTHERHOOD.

Little Amos witnessed the departure of his sister in silence. Mrs. Arnold, with her face convulsed with strange emotions, came into the kitchen, but she dare not speak. The silent girl, dropping in great tears from those blue eyes was enough to awe her. The child began to sob timidly. He was afraid to make any outcry.

Mrs. Arnold and her daughter were now busy themselves with preparing dinner and grumbling that Maggie had gone away. The child sat by the window in his chair, unmolested. His face was flushed and pale by turns. His breathing was short and quick, and it was evident that the soaking rain of the day before had brought on a cold, which might prove dangerous. But no one noticed him. The dinner was prepared almost in silence, with an occasional spell of grumbling on the part of Mrs. Arnold. When the meal was ready the family gathered about the table, giving no thought to little Amos. Poor child—he had no appetite for dinner, and could have eaten but little had it been offered to him.

When dinner was over, the dogs had been fed and a few nice tid-bits given to the cat, and the children were up for the pig. Mrs. Arnold thought it would be well to see if "that child" wanted anything. She found him gazing abstractedly from the window, and his little face wonderfully white just now.

"Oh, you were nodding to eat?" asked Mrs. Arnold, standing by the boy, her head high in the air.

"If you please, ma'am," said the child, in a low frightened tone.

She then wheeled his chair about to a kitchen table, and placed a plate before him, on which were some potatoes, bread, and cold boiled meat. The little

fellow took a potato and nibbled the end of it, then took a bite or two of bread but his appetite was gone. He seemed sinking, sinking down to death.

"I don't see why you don't get rid of that rat," said Hallie to her father, whom she met in the sitting-room.

"I will as soon as the hired man comes back with the rowlock," was the answer.

The hired man came back about the middle of the afternoon, and Judge Arnold went into the kitchen where the boy was.

"Come, Amos," he said, in tones intended to be cheerful, "we must go."

"Where?" asked the boy, fixing his large, wondering eyes upon the man.

"To Bill Jones', our friend, my boy, who keeps all such boys as you."

"All such boys as you?" Need Judge Arnold have insisted the poor afflicted child? Were not his sufferings great enough without further wounding his feelings? But the feelings of the boy were drowned by pain and suffering.

We can be tortured until the nerves become destroyed and senseless to pain, and the bewildered child was in that condition. The boy, complaining of his back, which had been hurt by his fall in the morning, got from the chair, placing his hands upon his knees, he hobbled along to his crutches, which stood against the wall. Taking them under his arms, he found his little faded cap and put it on his head.

"There is a shawl they brought," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Put it around him," commanded Judge Arnold.

The woman obeyed, trembling violently, she could not tell why.

"No," said the boy, the carpet bag, take that along."

Arnold seized the plain old carpet bag containing a few clothes for the child, as though it were a comfortable thing, and then, followed by the little cripple, left the house.

"Come on, come on," said the impatient man at the gate, holding it open for the child, who was slowly and painfully coming toward it; "you can go faster than that, and I know it."

The poor little fellow tried to increase his speed, and stumbling fell. He uttered a cry of pain, and Mr. Arnold, with an oath, commanded John to carry him to the carriage.

The kind-hearted John took up the little beggar for was he not a dogger now?—and carrying him to the vehicle placed him in as comfortably as he could. The child bore his suffering with scarcely a murmur.

As James Arnold sat in his easy carriage, which was whirling away toward the poor-house, he had no thought for the little occupant. He did not see the angelic expression of that sweet little face, or appreciate his great trust in an Almighty Father. Amos Lakeman was young, not to exceed six years of age, of the kind no larger than many children at four, yet he was educated in misery far beyond his years. He was always a cripple, possessing that sweet, patient disposition which God so frequently gives the unfortunate. He had always been loved by every one who knew him, though none took sufficient interest in his welfare to provide a good home for him. Charitable institutions were not known on Sandy Fork—unless one meant the poor-house, and it was no charity to be sent there.

The carriage rolled up to the door of the poor-house, which was simply a row of long, miserable buildings, some of logs and some of frame, while one for the hopelessly insane was made of stone. The proprietor, a large, brutal-looking man, with uncombed hair, curling out bare-headed, and in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets and yawning lazily, said:

"Hello, Judge, that you? Well, who in the name of 'tarnation ye got there, anyway?"

"A new charge."

"Why, there's no court."

"That makes no difference, Bill; I'll make it all right when court does set."

"Well, if ye say it's all right, Judge, I'll take him, ye order kome."

"I know this case will be all right, Bill. Take this boy and I will have you fixed up as soon as county court sets."

John, the hired hand, offered to carry the little cripple in.

"Can't he walk?" asked Bill Jones.

"Not very well," answered John.

"He can walk a great deal better than he pretends," said Arnold, in his merciless manner.

"Well, I'll let him out of his laziness," chuckled Bill Jones. "I'll find work for him to do. He kin pick up chips, or weed the onion beds."

John, who had more humanity in his soul than either of his superiors, took the child in his arms and said:

"Oh, ye as ye set take him to that second log house an' set 'em down there sum'ar."

Little Amos was carried in the strong arms of the kind-hearted John to the log house. The room into which the sick boy was ushered was miserable, indeed; the floor was uncarpeted, the walls of bare logs were black with smoke, the cracks between the logs had been closed up with lumpy rags, and at the rear of the room were two miserable looking beds.

Gathered around the fire-place, in which were a few coals, were half a dozen wretched creatures, five women and one man. They were clothed in filth and rags, and their long, uncombed hair hung about their



THE POOR-HOUSE KEEPER AND THE SHOULDERS.

shoulders, or was tied in knots with strings. The day was slightly cool, and the poor mortals were doing all in their power to instill some warmth into their bodies. They were growing, pushing and snarling, more like animals than human beings. Long suffering had filled them with selfishness.

Little Amos was placed on a hard chair near the door. He did not dare go too near those creatures, they seemed so much like wild animals. Occasionally they turned their sallow faces upon him. One was blind, the other was crippled, the man was partially insane, one woman had the rickets, and the other was too old and feeble to help herself. These objects were disgusting and frightful to look upon, and Amos expected from the glances they cast upon him that he would be soon torn to pieces.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! where is sister Helen?" he cried, weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Belcher, the sheriff, had a kind heart and did all he could to cheer Helen.

"I hope, Miss Lakeman, it'll not be as bad as you think. I hope you will come out all right."

Helen, her face growing more calm and pale, "I know that shame, ruin and death will come out of this; I am in the power of persons bent upon my ruin, and nothing on earth can save me."

"Who do you think is bent on your ruin?"

"Mr. Arnold and family."

"Why, great goodness! why would they want to ruin a poor girl like you?"

Helen was silent. She could not answer this question, though she knew the answer to it. She could not tell him that the Arnolds had determined to have the educated and accomplished Warren Stuart a member of their family, and that the price for the hired girl was in the way. That Helen Lakeman, arrested and disgraced, would lose her beauty even in the eyes of her infatuated lover. She dare not tell the sheriff what her honest convictions said were the living truths, for they would not be believed. The sheriff waited for her to speak. Belcher had been an officer long enough to regard every person arrested as a criminal. Of course, this girl was guilty. He felt very sorry for her. She was young, beautiful and intelligent, and she was often tempted. He resolved, in his own mind, to intercede with the court and prosecuting attorney and have her punishment as light as possible. It would go much lighter with her, he knew, if she would own the thing right up and make a clean breast of it all. He regarded it as his duty to advise the girl to do so.

"Helen," he said, in as kind and fatherly a tone as he could command, "you are a young girl, and perhaps know nothing about law."

She bowed her head to receive the advice, which she knew would come.

"I feel sorry for you on account of this trouble you have got into," the sheriff said, "and I want to talk to you as if you were my own daughter."

The carriage was rolling along over a smooth piece of wood, and the sheriff knew every word the girl said by way of confession of her crime, by the driver, provided she denied it afterward. The sheriff determined to wait up the case if possible. Helen was still silent, and he continued:

"You are young, thrown upon the world without an adviser or friend, and now if I can help you any I would be glad to do so. Your crime is a serious one, to begin with, and what is more, you will be convicted of it. The proof against you is overwhelming, and there is no power, no lawyer on earth—that can make a jury believe you are innocent."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Boarder (just entered).—Why, hello, Oscar, thought I heard you talking to some one as I came in." Oscar

"So I was talking, just saying good-morning to those fish-balls; had the same ones every morning for a week."

Philadelphia Press.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—For cleaning milk cans, pails, wooden utensils, etc., steam is considered excellent.

—Nut-bearing trees may be successfully pruned by cutting the tap root a year before transplanting.

—Potato bugs will eat egg plants if the potato vines are not plentiful. They also sometimes eat tomato plants.

—As sunflower seed is very liable to heat, the safest way of keeping it for fowls is to cut off the flower head when the seed is ripe, and pile it loosely till thrown to the fowls.

—Go around and destroy the worms nests in the fruit trees. It doesn't require any scientific knowledge to know that the worms are extremely injurious to trees and fruit.

—Eggs placed in tepid water require four minutes cooking in boiling water three minutes. If put in cold water they are done when the water begins to bubble. Fresh eggs require longer cooking.

—The use of leached and unleached ashes in apple orchards is highly commended for the exercise. Let him or her have opportunities of observing the experiment. They are considered an invaluable orchard fertilizer.—*Christian at Work*

—There is no better disinfectant for the henhouse than copperas water. Make it rather strong, and with a small broom sprinkle it through the building and over the perches. It purifies the air, aids in preventing disease and absorbs all bad smells.

—A man may walk a mile in twenty-five minutes and return refreshed and benefited for the exercise. Let him run a mile and it may harm him in a while. It is the same with a horse. It is fast driving that kills.—*New England Farmer*.

—Sponge Pudding—Here is a nice recipe for a pudding if any one has plenty of cream. Make a nice sponge cake, turn it into a dripping-pan, then take good apples that have been pared and quartered and stick them into your cake as thick as you can. Serve hot with cream and sugar.—*Household*.

—To prevent chickens tearing upon their food or crowding upon each other when feeding, the food might be put in a small box with barred sides like a plate rack. The bars may be placed so close together that the hen or large chickens can not get their heads through to rob little chicks of their food. Boxes with the bars wider apart can be used for larger fowl.

—Sponge Jelly Roll.—Four eggs, one cup and a half sugar, one table-spoon baking powder, beat the whites separately, and the sugar and the yolks together till very light; then add part of the whites, then a cup of flour, then beat good, then a little more flour, then the rest of the whites and stir over, put it in a cake. Sprinkle and roll as quick as you can.—*Boston Budget*.

—If an apple tree has a sound trunk and roots, it is a pity, says the *American Cultivator*, to destroy it under most circumstances. It takes many years to get a young tree into bearing, and when it does bear it will not furnish nearly so much fruit as one fully grown. By grafting with the Northern Spy and liberally manuring, an old apple tree may be made much more certain and productive than young trees of this variety, which are usually shy and tardy bearers.

FALLING AND RISING.

Difficulties in the Way of Elevating One's

Any body can fall below his average standard without an effort. No one can rise above his average standard without an effort. This suggests the direction in which our endeavors ought to be constantly making. Unless we try to gain, we shall never advance. Unless we try to gain, we shall drop backward. It is just here that so much depends on our ideals—in our minds and in our models. If we have the inspiration and the incentive of a noble aspiration, or of a noble example, we are likely to be striving to be better than our best. If there is nothing before us which we recognize as beyond our own highest attainment, we are in danger of being kept up with our former mark of progress. One of the bright stories of Margaret Gatty tells of a school-boy who had a high reputation as a mimic. It seemed as though he could be just like any one whom he pleased to imitate. To imitate, he asked him to show how the handsomest boy in the school looked, and how the best speaker declaimed. Then, as the young mimic found himself quite incompetent to this, he realized that all of his power of imitation lay in the direction of lowering his own standard, and of mimicking defects which had not yet become his own. And it would be well if others also realized this truth as to their power of imitation. It is so much easier to fall than to rise. Blessed is he whose inspiring ideal, in his friendships and in his spiritual life, is way above his present possibilities of attainment.—*S. S. Times*.

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RELIGIOUS READING.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for this holy day.
We thank Thee that Thou hast made and kept us
Thy people.

We thank Thee for our week-day toil and care,
And greet with joy this day of sacred rest.

Make this a Sunday to our darkened minds;
Shine with bright beams of warmth and love
Into our benighted souls, and drive away
And draw us nearer to Thyself above.

Make this a Sabbath to our weary frames;
A rest-day full of glad and peaceful calm.
An emblem sweet of Heaven, our better home,
And for the week to come a strengthening balm.

May this First day be in better things,
A new beginning in our work to Thee;
And in our busy lives and service here,
More wholly consecrated may we be.

And so, dear Lord, may all our Sabbats be here
Bringing light, and joy, and hope, and rest, and
peace.

To every weak and weary, troubled soul,
Till earthly work shall end, and Sabbath
come.

—Christian at Work, case.

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.
July 3.—The Infants. Matt. 2: 1-12.
July 10.—The Flight into Egypt. Matt. 2: 13-23.
July 17.—John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 1-12.
July 24.—The Baptism of Jesus. Matt. 3: 13-17.
July 31.—The Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4: 1-11.
Aug. 7.—Jesus in Galilee. Matt. 4: 12-22.
Aug. 14.—The Beatitudes. Matt. 5: 1-16.
Aug. 21.—Jesus and the Pharisees. Matt. 23: 1-36.
Aug. 28.—Trust Without Display. Matt. 6: 1-18.
Sept. 4.—Prayer in Our Heavenly Father. Matt. 6: 9-13.
Sept. 11.—Golden Precepts. Matt. 7: 1-12.
Sept. 18.—Solomon's Wisdom. Matt. 7: 13-29.
Sept. 25.—Review Temperance Lesson. Rom. 12: 1-14.
Oct. 2.—Missionary Lesson. Acts 13: 1-17.
Oct. 9.—Service of Song and Prayer.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The Origin of the Infidel Desecration of the Lord's Day—Where the Remedy Chiefly Lies.

It can not be denied that an indifference prevails with regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath, so that its desecration receives less disapprobation than formerly. So saturated is the very atmosphere with a lax observance, that even those who are determined to retain the old ways feel themselves enervated by the malaria; so that they must administer to themselves strong tonics, in order to keep abreast against the prevalent sentiment, which is undercurrent of indifference, and secret questioning of the whole day, leads on to the public desecration. Church-members are more and more yielding to the universal pressure. One distinctive feature about another is being obliterated, and we are surely tending toward what is spoken of as the "Continental Sabbath."

Instead of merely deploring the evil that is upon us, or striking out some what blindly at it, the wisest course is to endeavor to get at the root of the matter. For we can not discover the origin of a wide-spread evil, we are better enabled to deal with it. Valuable service has been rendered in this direction by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts. In the report for the year 1885, seventy pages are devoted to Sunday Labor. It is impossible, within the narrow limits assigned me here, to properly present the impressive facts brought to light; only the results can be indicated. And we confine ourselves to public modes of travel; because through them by far the largest part of all the industries of the State, pursued on the Sabbath, is systematically carried on. At first Sunday trains were run only to complete a trip begun on Saturday afternoon.

Then the Sunday train was introduced. After that one or two through trains were put on. But in course of years local passenger trains radiated from Boston, which led to suburban residences. These residents desired to continue their connection with Boston churches, and to worship there. A pressure was then laid on the directors of these roads to run Sunday local trains to accommodate the church folks. Petitions were sent to them signed by church members. The directors hesitated, but finally yielded to the steadily increasing requests. As soon as these "church trains," as they were called, were run, a new movement of travel was developed. By the respectable, moral and religious persons may take an excursion to church, others think it proper for them to have an excursion to the sea-shore, or some other place of resort. Directors soon sought to make their travel as respectable as possible, by increasing the number of trains and extending the distances. And the appetite for Sunday travel, once created, craves increased indulgence. The same causes first led to the running of cars on horse roads. The excuse rendered by the directors is that the law declares railroads to be common carriers, and they must be run to meet the requirements of the public. If one road refuses, another will comply. If the superintendent declines, the director would excuse, which would end in his removal. When expropriated with the inevitable reply is: "The public demands it, and church members patronize." That report further makes evident that engineers and employees desire to have the rest of the Sabbath

rather than the additional wages that can be earned; also that many directors would gladly discontinue Sunday trains if they could. The same sentiment prevails among others who are engaged in public transportation. Millions say they would refuse if Sunday work could be dispensed with. So with express companies that are compelled to deliver baggage on the Sabbath. Barbers, without exception, express themselves very strongly in favor of closing all day Sunday. If by any means it could be made general, Workingmen, with few exceptions, desire the rest and leisure of the Sabbath. This is the case in Great Britain. A congress of British trade unions was held in 1883, at which a resolution was passed declaring: "In the opinion of the congress, it is undesirable to augment Sunday labor by opening the National museums and galleries." The conclusion from the survey of the whole field is: "That nearly all segments of the population performed in this country on the Sabbath is personal service rendered by man to his fellowman." In other words, the desecration of the Sabbath is mainly a matter of the personal convenience and pleasure of individuals. In justice to the railroad, it should be stated that they endeavor to relieve the men as much as possible of Sunday work; and they do not compel the work on that day of those who object on conscientious scruples.

Presuming that the disclosures in this report, respecting the observance of the Sabbath in Massachusetts and in other States, will hold true generally, we reach the original and the latent strength of the anti-Sabbath sentiment. Beginning among moral and religious citizens, it has increased until it is now a general sentiment, which it countsenance and abet the breaking of Sabbath laws by public servants. Undoubtedly the foreign element has greatly helped on this movement, but let us not lose sight of the fact that this element did not originate the movement. Excesses were begun to accommodate the wishes and convenience of those upon whom no necessity was laid. And the laboring man had to break the Sabbath or lose his position. This dire dilemma was laid upon him by his employer, and by the public who sustained the employer. And Christians are a part of that public. The arraignment here made is that the main guilt of the present deplorable laxity of Sabbath observance, and the increasing violation of the Sabbath, lies upon the very class, who have been, or should have been, educated in better ways. They are requiring services of confectioners, coachmen and servants, which could be dispensed with or greatly reduced. No doubt this is often done, but they have improved. A hortatory appeal to the public, to require their make it very difficult for a conscientious person to serve them and keep the Sabbath. Sometimes they threaten to remove their patronage unless they get what they want on Sunday. They have the law mostly with them, the Christian public; and who is to enlighten and sanctify the public but the church? For that purpose she is in the world. A correct Sabbath sentiment is the imperative need of the hour.—Rev. George S. Mott, D. D., in Christian Standard.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

—It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

—Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming.—Miss Carey.

—Regular in church attendance is a virtue that can cultivate.—Golden Rule.

—In warm moments form your resolution, and in cool moments make that resolution good.—Prof. Tyndall.

—God not only reigns, but rules. The universe is His kingdom, and eternity is His term of office.—H. H. Tucker.

—"There is great danger when we do not find Scripture that suits us that we shall unconsciously pass from the task of interpretation to the liberty of setting aside."—John A. Broadus.

—Character in a preacher is the very force in the bow that launches the arrow. It is the latent heat behind the words that gives them direction and the projectile force.—Dr. Z. M. Humphrey.

—If often, therefore, that even if the great commission had not been formulated, no devout Christian could look into the heart of the Gospel without feeling a quickening of the foreign missionary spirit.—H. F. Colby.

—There must be fidelity, and there must be action, and there must be the life that clings to its objects. Youthful aspirations are fine things, your theories and plans of life are fair and commendable—but will you stick?—Emerson.

—Whatever God calls us to do at any time, it is important to be done; and He never calls us to do anything with out accompanying the obligation with strength and help enough to enable us to discharge our duty faithfully. We distrust God when we refuse to do His bidding through fear or failure, or because He has called us to do anything so difficult or unpromising.—Zion's Herald.

FIGURES ON FISH.

The Number of Them and the Capital Employed in the Fishing Industry.

The fishing industries of the United States employed during the year 1879, the figures of which are given in the census of 1880, 131,426 persons, with an invested capital of \$37,653,349, and an annual product of \$43,046,033, or a trifle over \$327 to each person engaged. The number of enrolled vessels of five tons and over engaged was 6,605, while the actual fishermen numbered 101,684, the other 29,000 being engaged on shore in curing and marketing the product. Great Britain employs 12,000 fishermen and 9,637 vessels, although the value of its yearly catch does not equal that of the United States. France has 126,000 persons engaged in fishery, with a yearly product value of \$16,600,000. Russia's yearly fish product is the same as that of France. Germany is credited with a product of \$13,326,000 annually. Norway fisheries produce about \$16,000,000, and those of Italy about \$10,000,000. The fishing industries of North America and Europe combined employ between 600,000 and 700,000 persons and 150,000 vessels, producing 3,000,000,000 pounds of fish, equal to 150,000 carloads, which would load a train 910 miles in length.—Philadelphia Times.

Barthold's Great Work.

The status of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Borneo's Island, in the harbor of New York, is one of the most sublime, artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress through Liberty. But "Liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women chained to physical ailments a hundredfold more tyrannical than any other. To such women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, artistic regulations and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. Their cure is rapid and certain, and a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case. The "Bottle" is a small, neat, and elegant, and is guaranteed printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

POCKETING THE INSULT—accepting a bribe.—Boston Gazette.

COOL BREZZES AND RIBBLING WATERS were the "Life Summer Days," and would have been on the bold bluff, and wave-girt shores of Mackinac Island, that tourists' paradise that has been made a National Park. We did them also amid the bewitching Thousand Islands and exciting rapids of the St. Lawrence, and the "White Mountains." And to learn just where we were, we sent a couple of stamps to O. W. Ruggles, G. P. A. of Michigan Central, Chicago, and he will send us "In Summer Days."

In favor of protection—the old maid.—Harper's Bazar.

The world astounded with the startling and new disclosures of science on the poisonous effects of the alcohol in wine, beer, whiskey, brandy, etc., to the full number of 100,000,000 Monthly. Price 35 cents. Sold everywhere, or address W. Jennings, 100 West 14th Street, N. Y.

The Cochon parade—the morning strut at the barnyard.—N. Y. Herald.

R. W. TASSILL & Co., Chicago: Everybody wants "Tassill's Punch" 5c a glass; they were always good but they have improved. A hortatory appeal to the public, to require their make it very difficult for a conscientious person to serve them and keep the Sabbath. Sometimes they threaten to remove their patronage unless they get what they want on Sunday. They have the law mostly with them, the Christian public; and who is to enlighten and sanctify the public but the church? For that purpose she is in the world. A correct Sabbath sentiment is the imperative need of the hour.—Rev. George S. Mott, D. D., in Christian Standard.

These earthquake quivers are very "arousing."

The three h's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great public party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pills, bring Prosperity to the mind, Freshness and Perfection of health to the body.

A SURPRISE party—twins.—Texas Siftings.

Sure Ointments and Lotions for skin diseases. Sold by the Chicago Dispensary, 1111 Broadway, N. Y.

It is a somewhat peculiar fact that whenever a steamboat slides up to a sand bar the whistle goes off on a "toot."

This girls argue that men don't like bangs because they (the men) are jealous, which is about the solid truth and not much credit to the girls after all.—Merchants Traveler.

A WARM discussion—a hot dinner.

A TRAMP says that he doesn't go in for this half-holiday movement. What he wants is half a day free from movement.

In making purchases, if a man does not pay down immediately he is expected to pay up soon.—N. Y. Herald.

The lively horse is not so much of a charger as the chaf that treads the stable.—Yonkers Gazette.

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upward? An icicle.

When a boy like a customer? When he rents his trousers.—Harper's Bazar.

PAROYS and the ducks leave much in common. They have a plentiful lack of brains and talk in poly-syllables.—Boston Gazette.

A VIOLENCE committee should always have an ambulance, in case of any expedition by an ambulance committee.

PARTY lines—rows of wallflowers.—Burlington Free Press.

The man who is caught relieving the wood pile in the middle of the night is naturally a lantern jawed fellow.

As exchange wants to know "what product has the greatest arrangement?" Corn! And on the foot it is the greatest case of acor rage.

The crab is a very strange creature. Mark talk—"hard enough."

There were five fair sisters, and each had a story.

Flora would fain be a fashionable dame; Society's strictest censure was her doom; Casketed Cora cared more for good looks; Anna, ambitious, sought for wealth; sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora beauty quickly faded; Anna's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion; and a sickly fancy kept Anna's hand poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and also married rich.

How would Science do as a name for a clipper ship?—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

It afflicted with Sore Eyes, Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell it.

As early struggle—trying to get your wife to build the fire.

OXLEY CURE. Throat, lung, nervous diseases. Book Free. Dr. Geppert, Cincinnati, O.

A MAN who has been flung over a wharf, ought to know what of he speaks.

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff.

A DEAD giveaway—And I begueth my mortal remains to the cause of science."

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT!

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the CURE of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Nervous Complaints, etc.

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